MERRIMACK MISCELLANY.

BY AARON ALLWORTHY & Co.

"NULLIUS ADDICTUS JURARE IN VERBA MAGISTRI."

NO. 3.] SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1805. [VOL. 1.

BIOGRAPHY.

From the PORT FOLIO.

Continuation of the Life of Pascal.

The influence of this extraordinary book upon the history of the world, is by its effect in giving the stroke of death to one of the most formidable institutions that ever was formed among men: the society of the Jesuits. This effect was not, indeed immediate. The thunders of the church were in their hands; the despotic sceptre of Louis the 14th was under their controul. The pope, the French council of state, parliaments, and bishops, fulminated anathemas, sentences, and decrees against the Provincial Letters, as a defamatory libel. But the Jesuits never could answer its accusations. From that period, their systems of morals have been the scorn and fable of mankind, and when, at length, after the lapse of more than a century, they were abandoned by the arm of power, they fell, unpitied, the victims of that odium, which, perhaps, they no longer deserved.

The author of the Provincial Letters was destined to exhibit a proof of the weakness, as well as of the strength of the human mind. He had been instructed in his infancy, to adopt in its utmost latitude, the axiom of the church, in which he was educated, to consider every article of faith as above the jurisdiction of human reason, and as commanding the most implicit submission. His belief in *miracles*, therefore, was not confined to those authenticated in the Scriptures—he gave his unqualified assent to all those, which the catholic doctrines prescribe to their sectaries, and had no doubt of his having witnessed more than one himself. With the purest system of morals, recognized by that church, he had adopted many of its most unreasonable austerities. He believed the duties of religion to be so irreconcileable with the pleasures, and even with the business and duties of social life, that he abstained from a matrimonial connection, and from the pursuit of an official station, which he had contemplated, under the conscientious impression, that the concerns of this world must all be sacrificed to the prospects of the next. Actuated by these principles, so pernicious by their effects, and so dangerous by their resemblance to the sublimest virtue, he prevailed upon his youngest sister to renounce the world, and to enter into the religious sisterhood at Port-Royal. He retired to one of the solitary cells, belonging to that monastery, himself. He assumed, as the foundation of his piety, the imaginary duty of renouncing every pleasure, of denying himself every superfluity; and severely condemned himself for the innocent relaxations and amusements in which he had before indulged for the restoration of his health. Exhausted by incessant application, emaciated by long continued abstinence, and sublimated to the ecstacies of enthusiasm, by solitude, and the fire of imagination, strained beyond the tone of mortal endurance, he became subject to a degree of nervous irritation, which produced a partial alienation of mind. In October 1654, as he was riding in a carriage, with four horses, the two foremost took a fright, and leaped off from a bridge, which was not guarded by a railing, into the river. The tackling fortunately broke, and left the carriage on the bridge. But, in the feeble and languishing condition of his health, he was so much affected by the extreme danger he was in that he was with difficulty recovered from a long fainting fit. The impression of this accident upon his nervous system was so violent, that he was ever after in continual alarm from the apprehension of a precipice, which he fancied at his side. This was likewise probably the occasion of a vision, which he had about a month afterwards. Of this he kept an obscure and indistinct account, written on parchment, which, after his death, was found sewed within the lining of his coat. With a number of broken sentences, detached words, and remarkable characters, it contained a more intelligible memorandum, to this effect, 'Year of our Lord 1654, Monday 23. November—St. Clement's day—from about half past ten at night, until about half an hour after midnight. God of Abraham, God of Isaac, God of Jacob; and not of philosophers and men of learning.' This singular minute is sufficiently clear to indicate the state of his mind, and the subject in which it was absorbed. To humble the pride of the human intellect, let it be remembered, that its date is fifteen months earlier than the first of the Provincial Letters—That, when those beautiful models of controversial eloquence were composed, their author was in the same mental habits, which had produced this creature 'of imagination all compact;' and that those habits continued strengthening and increasing upon him until his death.

In the angry controversies between the Port-Royalists and the Jesuits, the former had an unquestionable superiority of talents, and the advantage of a better cause; but their antagonists had a weight of credit and influence, more than sufficient to counterbalance them, and the Jansenists often found themselves under the necessity of appealing to the test of miracles for support. On the twenty-fourth of March 1656, a niece of Pascal, a young girl, then residing at Port-Royal for education, and afflicted with a fistula lacrymalis, by touching a precious relic, which had just been obtained, a thorn from the crown worn by Jesus Christ at the crucifiction, was instantly and completely cured. No miracle at the grave of the Abbe Paris was more substantially authenticated. The physicians and surgeons, who had attended the girl, gave certificates of this extraordinary cure, and it was put beyond all question, by a regular ecclesiastical process, under the jurisdiction of the archbishop of Paris. In all this there is nothing but what can easily be accounted for. But when we are told that Pascal was a witness of the fact; that he firmly believed it; that it was the occasion upon which he wrote most of his *Thoughts upon Miracles*, we should deem it as incredible as the tale itself, were there not numerous other examples of minds in the most elevated rank of human capacity, laid prostrate and impotent at the feet of superstition.

The Thoughts upon Miracles, were only the materials of a larger work he intended to compose, the object of which was to vindicate the christian religion against the objections of atheism and infidelity; a work which, had it been accomplished, would have borne the marks of that profound and sublime genius, which conceived and dictated the Provincial Letters, but which probably would have been deeply tinged with the infirmities, which made him give credit to the miracle of the holy thorn. [*To be continued.*]

The pious and learned Addison lays down the following Hypothesis: "Supposing the whole body of the earth were a great ball or mass of the finest sand, and that a single grain or particle of this sand, should be annihilated every thousand years. Supposing then that you had it in your choice to be happy all the while this prodigious mass of sand was consuming by this slow method till there was not a grain of it left, on condition you were to be miserable for ever after, or supposing that you might be happy for ever after, on condition you might be miserable till the whole mass of sand were thus annihilated at the rate of one sand in a thousand years, which of these two cases would you make your choice?"

Here, it must be confessed, our reason is o'erwhelmed with the magnitude of the idea, and we are ready to grasp that happiness which is at hand.

But when the choice we actually have before us, is this, whether we will chuse to be happy for the space of threescore and ten, nay, perhaps of only twenty or ten years, I might say of only a day or an hour, and miserable to all eternity; or on the contrary, miserable for this short term of years, and happy for a whole eternity; what words are sufficient to express that folly and want of consideration which in such a case makes a wrong choice?

Dr. Keutsch, a very able physician, resident in the Danish Islands of Santa Cruz and St. Thomas, in the West-Indies, has lately discovered a new method, and hitherto very successful, of treating the fevers of those Islands, so fatal to Americans. His process consists in frictions by oils. The first idea of this he has derived from the theory of Dr. Scheel, of Copenhagen, on the use of oil in the plague.—A theory which is to be found, printed in the Work of Baldwyn. Of eight soldiers that were entrusted to the care of Dr. Keutsch, six were happily delivered from the fever, at the end of 24 hours, by means of these frictions. They produced violent sweats, and always put a stop to vomiting. The doctor, in some particular cases, rendered the virtues of the oil still more efficacious, by adding camphor to it. This discovery is, of course, very valuable, as the fever cured is precisely the same as that which has made such cruel ravages in St. Domingo.

A BEGGAR asking alms of a Spartan, he answered, if I gave you, you would be only more a beggar. For he who first gave you, *taught you your mode of laziness.*

THE veriest nothings kindle strife
'Twixt Ben the grocer and his wife;
Such quarrels sure are out of season,
For what's a jar without a raisin?

EPISTOLARY.

Letter of LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

"Concerning Monsieur de la Rochefoucault's maxim"—"*That marriage is sometimes convenient, but never delightful.*"

It may be thought a presumptuous attempt in me to controvert a maxim advanced by such a celebrated genius as Monsieur Rochefoucault, and received with such implicit faith by a nation which boasts of superior politeness to the rest of the world, and which for a long time past has prescribed the rules of gallantry to all Europe. Nevertheless, prompted by that ardor which truth inspires, I dare to maintain the contrary, and resolutely insist, there are some marriages formed by love, which may be delightful, where the affections are sympathetic. Nature has presented us with pleasures suitable to our species and we need only to follow her impulse, refined by taste and exalted by a lively and agreeable imagination, in order to attain the most perfect felicity of which human nature is susceptible: ambition, avarice, vanity, when enjoyed in the most exquisite perfection, can yield but trifling and tasteless pleasures, which will be too inconsiderable to affect a mind of delicate sensibility.

We may consider the gifts of fortune as so many steps necessary to arrive at felicity, which we can never attain, being obliged to set bounds to our desires, and being only gratified with some of her frivolous favors, which are nothing more than the torments of life, when they are considered as the necessary means to acquire or preserve a more exquisite felicity.

This felicity consists alone in friendship, founded on mutual esteem, fixed by gratitude, supported by inclination, and animated by the tender solicitudes of love, whom the antients have admirably described under the appearance of a beautiful infant: it is pleased with infantile amusements, it is delicate and affectionate, incapable of mischief, delighted with trifles; its pleasures are gentle and innocent.

If I was inclined to romance, I would not picture images of true happiness in Accadia. I am not prudish enough to confine the delicacy of affection to wishes only. I would open my romance with the marriage of a couple united by sentiment, taste and inclination. Can we conceive a higher felicity than the blending of their interests and lives in such a union? The lover has the pleasure of giving his mistress the last testimony of esteem and confidence, and she, in return, commits her peace and liberty to his protection.

Can they exchange more dear and affectionate pledges? Is it not natural, to give the most incontestible proofs of that tenderness with which our minds are impressed? I am sensible that some are so nice as to maintain that the pleasures of love are derived from the dangers and difficulties with which it is attended; they very pertly observe, that a rose would not be a rose without thorns. There are a thousand insipid remarks of this sort, which make so little impression on me, that I am persuaded, was I a lover, the dread of injuring my mistress would make me unhappy, if the enjoyment of her was attended with danger to herself.

Two married lovers lead very different lives: they have the pleasure to pass their time in a successive intercourse of mutual obligations and marks of benevolence, and they delight to find that each forms the entire happiness of the beloved object. Herein consists perfect felicity. The most trivial concerns of œconomy become noble and elegant when they are exalted by sentiments of affection; to furnish an apartment, is not barely to furnish an apartment; it is a place where I expect my lover: to prepare a supper, is not merely giving orders to my cook; it is an amusement to regale the object I doat on. In this light a woman considers these necessary occupations as more lively and affecting pleasures, than those gaudy sights which amuse the greater part of the sex, who are incapable of true enjoyment.

A fixed and affectionate attachment softens every emotion of the soul, and renders every object agreeable which presents itself to the happy lover.

If he exercises any employment, the fatigues of the camp, the troubles of the court, all become agreeable when he reflects that he endures these inconveniences to serve the object of his affections. If fortune is favorable to him, for success does not depend on merit, all the advantages it procures, are so many tributes which he thinks due to the charms of the lovely fair; and in gratifying this ambition, he feels a more lively pleasure, and more worthy of an honest man, than that of raising his fortune, and gaining public applause. He enjoys glory, titles and riches no farther than as they regard her he loves; and when he attracts the approbation of a senate, the applause of an army, or the commendation of his prince, it is her praise which ultimately flatters him.

[*To be concluded next week.*]

ORIGINAL LETTER.

Letter from Lady Anne Warwyck, eldeſt Daughter of Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerſet, (and Unkle to King Ed. VI.) by Anne his ſecond Wife, daughter of Sir Ed. Stanhope, Knt. She was married, firſt, to John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, and after-

wards to Sir Edward Unton, Knight of the Bath.

MY VERIE GOOD LADY,

I would have written thankes unto you in this tyme, for the lynin cloth you sent me, and for divers other good courtesies I have received from you, if my opportunitie would have either served, or I could have gotten a convenient messenger to wryte bye. I am not a little glad to understand of the good service Sir Nicholas hath done these of late; and how acceptable it is unto her Majestie, and other his good friends in England, whoe wishes noe better fortune unto him: then they are sure he caries a mynde to performe good service; and for my own parte, there shall be noe occasion pretermitted, wherein I may either wish him well, or doe you both any pleasure, whereof I pray you doe not doubt but that you shall fynde me as reddie to performe the best good towards you I can, as any friend you have. Thus with my hartie comendations unto your selfe, and Sir Nicholas, I bid you both hartely well to fare.

At the Courte, this 24th of Novem. 1579.

Your verie lovinge friend,
ANNE WARWYCK.

Th. La. Malbie.

As the press is the most dangerous of all instruments to despotism, the different Courts in Europe are employing all their efforts to counteract the possible effects of this formidable weapon. There is (England excepted) scarcely a sovereignty, in that quarter of the globe, where a literary censorship is not busily engaged in crushing the freedom of the press. The court of St. Petersburgh has lately published a long ediet, containing regulations with regard to the circulation of literary productions of all sorts. Whatever relates to religion must, previously to publication, be examined and approved by a censorship composed of members of the established church. Bonaparte has issued the severest decrees against the importation of all foreign journals. The King of Sweden has prohibited all French works ahd journals: and the Court of Spain has forbidden the circulation of Portalis's Discourse on the Conclusion of the Concordat, as being full of dangerous principles.

The literary society of the county of Mansfield, in Saxony, have proposed a subscription for erecting a monument to the great Martin Luther, in the place of his nativity. The king of Prussia has patronised this undertaking, by subscribing 100 Frederics-d'or, and allowing all letters addressed to the society, relative to this monument, to pass post free. The Society request not only the pecuniary contributions of the admirers of the great Reformer, but likewise plans for the monument, and hints for a suitable inscription.

There are now thirty four printing offices in Sweden, thirteen in Stockholm, two in Gothenburg, two in Lund, and one in nineteen other towns. In these printing offices, five newspapers and journals, are printed at Stockholm, four at Gothenburg, two at Upsal, Calmar and Linkoping, and one in fourteen other cities.

Much amusement may be experienced by perusing the reliques of ancient poetry. "The Friar of Orders Grey," is remarkable for its beauty and pathetic simplicity. It is said to have been taken from Beaumont and Fletcher. Having read it, I was stouck with the similitude of design between it and Goldsmith's Hermit.

Goldsmith's Edwin, like the Friar appears to have felt the scorn of his Angelina's pride, and to have retired from the world, to mourn over the disaster of his love. Chance also leads towards the retirement of the friar the footsteps of his mistress (but Angelina differs here, being habited as a youth;) they meet and they converse; she unfolds her story, and laments, like Angelina, the effect of her cruel pride, which had banished forever him whom she had really loved, and whom grief had long since sunk into the grave—The Friar says—

Within those holy cloisters long
He languish'd and he died,
Lamenting of a lady's love,
And 'plaining of her pride.

Angelina—

Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride,
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret where he died.

The friar and the hermit seem here to have suffered equally from the same cause.

The poem goes on with much pathetic beauty, and the lady, weeping, says—

But first upon my true-love's grave
My weary limbs I'll lay,
And thrice I'll kiss the green grass turf
That wraps his breathless clay.

And art thou dead?—thou much lov'd youth!—
And didst thou die for me?
Then farewell home! for ever more
A pilgrim I will be.

Angelina says—

But mine the folly, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

And there, forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die;
'Twas so for me, that Edwin did,
And so for him will I.

The friar now discovers himself to the lady, with the same sudden surprise, that Edwin does to Angelina: and says—

Yet stay fair lady! turn again,
And dry those pearly tears;
For, see—beneath this gown of grey
Thy own true love appears.

Edwin says—

Turn, Angelina! ever dear!
My charmer! turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restor'd to love and thee!

Whether this ancient ballad was known to our elegant poet, and countryman cannot be discovered. Goldsmith's Hermit has been justly ranked amongst the most admired of that species of poetry: its sentiments are worthy of that writer: they unite simplicity and nature with classic elegance.

In giving our opinion of others, it would be useful to consider that we have two ears and but one tongue.

LITERARY NOTICES,

[Of English Publications—the last year.]

ELEMENTS OF SCIENCE AND ART.—Being a familiar introduction to Natural Philosophy and Chemistry; together with their application to a variety of elegant and useful arts. By John Imison. A new edition, considerably enlarged and improved. In two large vols. 8vo. with an index, and 32 engravings by Lowry. Price 1l. 5s. boards.

The present work, though modestly enough called a new edition of *Imison*, is intitled to hold a much higher rank; it is in a great measure, a new performance, and contains much useful and entertaining matter on a great variety of subjects, viz—Vol. I Mechanics, Pneumatics, Hydrostatics, Hydraulics, Optics, Electricity, Galvanism, Magnetism, Astronomy. Vol. II—Chemistry, Drawing, Bleaching, Dyeing, Calico-Printing, Tanning, Metallurgy, Pottery, Manufacture of Glass, Varnishing, Japanning, Lacquering, Gilding, Silvering, Tinning, Soldering, Moulding and Casting, Cements, Ink-making, &c. &c. To those who have not time or opportunity to enter deeply into subjects of this nature, and who yet may wish to obtain information on such matters, it will prove a valuable acquisition, as it contains a great deal in a moderate compass, and detailed at the same time with considerable perspicuity and precision. The plates are executed in a masterly manner.—*Philosophical Magazine, Feb.* 1804.

The first edition of this work was reviewed by us in our 72d volume, but is now so greatly enlarged, that we have reviewed it as a new production; and we think its merits are considerable. There is very little in Science and Art, which the author does not touch upon: much, therefore, evidently cannot be said on each, but what is given is stated properly and judiciously. Its multifarious information must render this compilation useful and entertaining.—*Monthly Rev. Sept.* 1804.

John Imison, the original author of this improved work, was an ingenious and industrious mechanic; his production was considered as affording so much practical information, that it became conspicuously distinguished among books of this class, and passed through no less than eight editions. The present work may very properly be recommended to students in Natural Philosophy, as a convenient and not expensive manual.—*British Critic, March*, 1804.

POETRY.

ADDRESS TO HEALTH.

Written during a violent sickness.

SWEET Nymph! that with the ruddy face,
The cheerful look, and sprightly pace,
Whose favorite haunt's the fields,
E'er lov'st in warbling groves to dwell,
In silent woods or flow'ry dell,
'Midst charms that Nature yields;

Who shunn'st, with unremitted care,
The city's thick and febrile air,
Its smoke, its filth, and noise;
Where man, unwise, unthinking still,
Dares undergo a certain ill,
In search of fancied joys:

Oft on the mountain's rugged side,
Where rocks on rocks majestic ride,
I've sought thy fleeting form;
I've found thee in the vale below,
Sparkling 'midst heaps of drifted snow,
And in the wint'ry storm.

Again, when Summer's milder reign
Has clad in varied charms the plain,
Thou lov'st in streams to lave:
Oft plunging from the river's side,
While Zephyrs rippled o'er its tide,
I've found thee in the wave.

And—for what fair was always true?
If—as to shew how much thy due,
Thou for a time wert shy:
Yet when thro' wilds and woods I woo'd,
I soon regain'd the nymph I lov'd,
'Twas but thy coquetry.

The man that wins thee to his arms,
Must sedulously court thy charms;
Attention gains the prize.
And if thou fly, let him pursue,
Try to regain thy favor thro'
Thy handmaid Exercise.

But when I made the town my choice,
Lur'd for a time by Folly's voice,
In search of wealth, renown;
As thro' my limbs disorder spread,
The feverish dream, the aching head,
There told me Health was flown.

Now pallid, wan, a mark for scorn,
Scarce drag I on a corpse-like form,
Tho' once with vigor blest:
In manhood's prime, a blasted sprite,
Unmann'd, unnerv'd, a loathsome sight,
Each energy depress.

But, Dissipation, hence, adieu!
The tavern feast, the bagnio's crew,
No more have charms for me;
The gay debauch can please no more,
The drunken riot, midnight roar,
The song with three times three.

Henceforth to rural haunts I go,
Thro' summer's heat and winter's snow;
Thy smiles, O let me share;
And thou, as well-known scenes I hail,
Fresh strength with every breath exhale,
Once more shall be my care.

Then often in the morning's grey,
While southern gales bring in the day,
The unmark'd dew I'll tread:
I'll hie me to the new shorn fields,
Beat for the game their stubble shields,
While yet on feed they're spread.

Here while my dog, sagacious brute,
Quarters his ground with ceaseless foot,
And questions every wind;
Tho' he shall fail to find his game,
No spot untried, to me the same,
Since thee I'm sure to find.

Oft too, when morning's dusky sky
Foretells that Reynard soon must die,
Impatient for the race,
I'll haste unto the covert's side,
Where meet thy ruddy sons, thy pride,
And woo thee in the chase.

Charm'd by these sports, if thou attend,
Sweet nymph! unto life's latest end,
I ask not power, nor wealth;
Content I'll poverty endure,
If any one imagines poor
The man that's rich in health.

SONNET,

On seeing my infant Daughter smile.

DEAR is that cherub smile, sweet innocent!
Heaven bids thee thus reward a parent's care,
Whilst Hope and Love alternate swells his breast.
May virtuous joy thy every moment share,
Nor e'er misfortune, by some demon sent,
Assail thy heart, or break thy peaceful rest,
But life's mild day with thee unclouded pass!
Fate, spare me yet—nor from thine awful glass
Shake my last sand—I anxious am to live
To see my plant a firmer shoot put forth,
That I may wake within her tender mind
Those heavenly feelings that shall bless her kind,
And call integrity to guard her worth—
This granted—take the fleeting breath I'll freely give.

MORE POCKETS THAN PURSES:

Or, THE LADIES' RETALIATION.

THE beaux genteel have laid aside
Their gloves of silk and leather,
And think it best their hands to hide
In corduroy and casimere.

Odd gloves, indeed! but let 'em alone;
No doubt they think it's cheaper;
Their pantaloons and gloves all one,
And both made by the taylor.

Origin of the word MOLASSES.

A JOLLY West-Indian, whenever the neighboring girls came to his plantations, insisted upon their sipping his choicest syrups, and reiterated the terms "my lasses;" thence the name of that syrup. Few words have aberrated from their primitives less than this.

HOGARTH.

Mr. Hogarth used to tell a story of his being once in company with several artists, who were boasting of uncommon works each had executed. One in particular, said, he had written a volume in folio with a single pen, which he had mended 199 times. Another declared he had finished an Equestrian Statue with only a broken knife for a chisel, and a rolling pin for a mallet. A third stated, he had engraved a copper-plate with no other tool than a rusty nail. "I told them," said Hogarth, "that I once painted a Sacred History Piece with one color, which was neither heightened nor lowered; making the back ground, shades, &c. with one unaltered colour." The company expressed their astonishment, and begged he would relate the method of completing his performance. Hogarth thus informed them:

"I was sent for by a Sir Thomas Thornton, a man of singular disposition, to paint his stair-case with some sacred historical piece, applicable to a circumstance which happened to him once: which was his being at sea, when he was pursued and taken by some Algerine Pirates. I asked him what he thought of the Egyptians pursuing the children of Israel thro' the red sea?

"Egad," said Sir Thomas, "a lucky thought. Well, my dear friend, begin it as soon as possible. But stay, stay! hold, hold!—What is your price? I always like to make a bargain with you gentlemen of the brush."

"Dear, Sir," answered Hogarth, "I can give no answer to that until I have finished. I shall not be unreasonable; you will pay me, I dare say as an artist."

"Hey, egad, that you may depend on," said the Baronet; "but stay, stay! hold, hold! I can't think of exceeding 10 guineas.

Hogarth, piqued to have his talents so undervalued, accepted the terms on condition that five of the ten pieces should be paid in advance. The five gineas were paid, and the painter desired to begin immediately.

Hogarth rose early the next morning and took with him some common red paint, with which single color he covered the stair case from top to bottom. He then went to Sir Thomas's chamber, and knocked at the door. The awakened knight asked—"Hey! Who's there?"

"Hogarth," answered the painter.

"Well! what do you want?" said Sir Thomas.

"The job is done, Sir Thomas," said Hogarth.

"Done?" asked the other. "Hey, the d—l! no, sure! The stair case done already! Hold, hey—stay, stay!—Let me get on my morning gown—done—hey—what, a week's work done in a—hey. Stay, stay!"

The knight hobbled out of his chamber as fast as his gouty legs would permit; and rubbing his eyes, cried out—

"What the d—l have we here?"

"The red sea, sir," Hogarth answered.

"The red sea!" said the astonished knight.

"Hey! Stay, stay! Hold! hold!—But where the d—l are the children of Israel?"

"They are all gone over," said the painter.

"They are all gone over, are they?" Sir Thomas repeated—"Hey! stay, stay! hold, hold! but, zounds, where are the Egyptians?

"They are all drowned, Sir Thomas," said Hogarth, who was considerably pleased to have thus so properly chastised the illiberal treatment which he had received.

[*Lewis' Comic Sketches.*

NEWBURYPORT, *(Massachusetts,)*
PUBLISHED, SATURDAYS,
By WILLIAM B. ALLEN.
No. 7, *State-Street, (back of the Herald Office,)*

Price, 1 dollar 50 cents per ann.—Payable every third of a year, in advance.